

Charles Olson Thinks of Death on Salem Street in West Gloucester

How can he stay, his answers are
These suicides and head-on collisions,
These repetitions? How shall he who
Is passive, who has been so made enigmatic,
Who is no longer weak, who, caught
In the wave, gives in to the wave,
Caught in a sort of terror, how shall he
Overcome the wave, the undertow that is
Pulling him under? And who can
Extinguish, invert and / or discover
The fact that is in reverse not detrimental?
He will do what he now does without preference,
Without what he as a man is bound to consider.
This is why he of whom we speak does not speak.

Charles Olson and the Order of Things

Where does taste come from?
In what city is Piero this year?
Who put observance in order?
He runs in debt to keep an appearance
As winter is to the best mode and obligations
And cautions. But who will say at what shore,
Fleeing, the wind, the lean back, seen, the long legs,
The loose hair of the Florentines, the passions?

Gerard will not be envious. will know
That where wind and wave cross in motion,
Where they constantly move, he'll need
Not give in to the wind's speed,
The depth of the sound, the zone
Being borderless, industrial.

-- Gerard Malanga

New York, N. Y.

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